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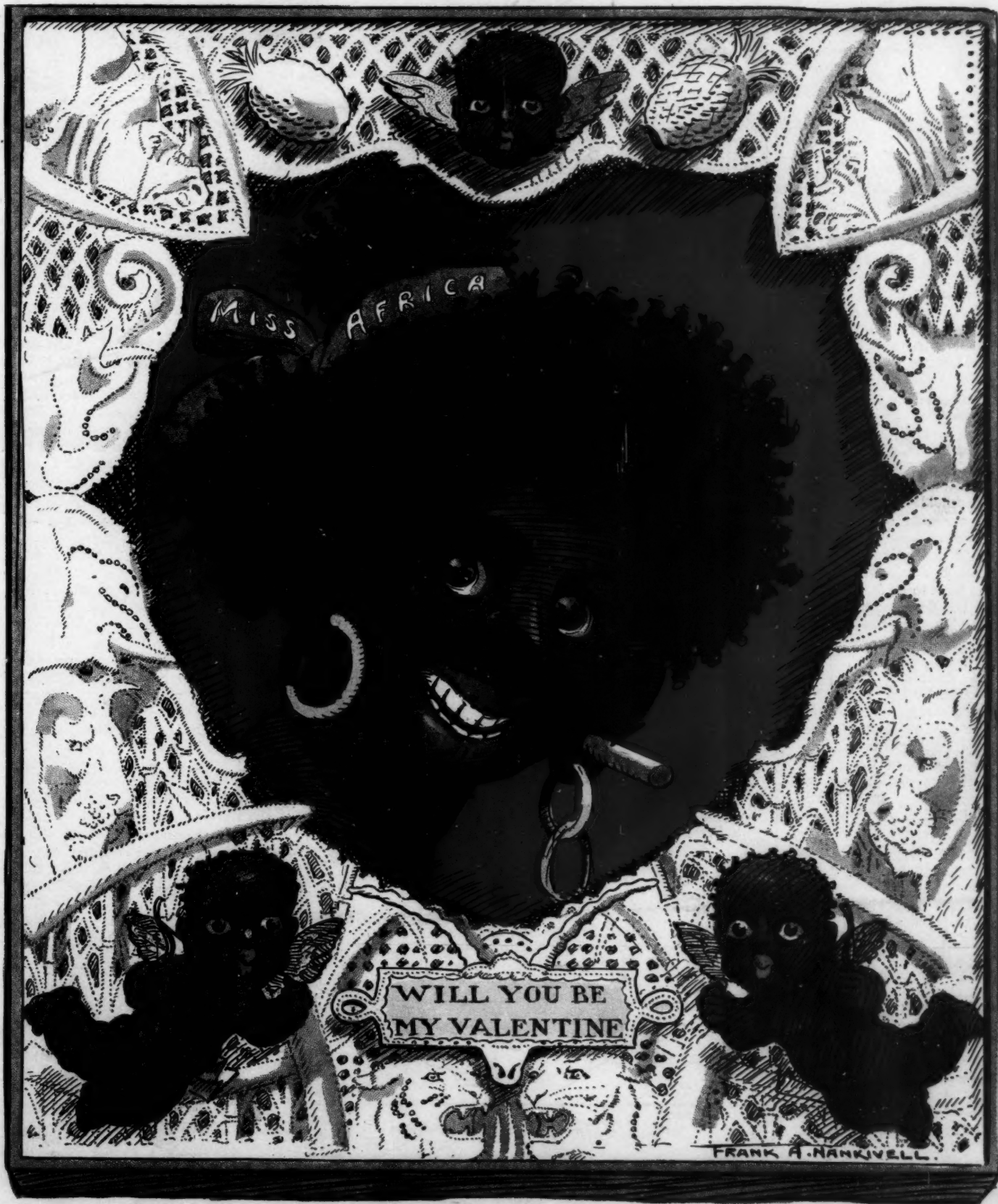
PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these Mortals be!"

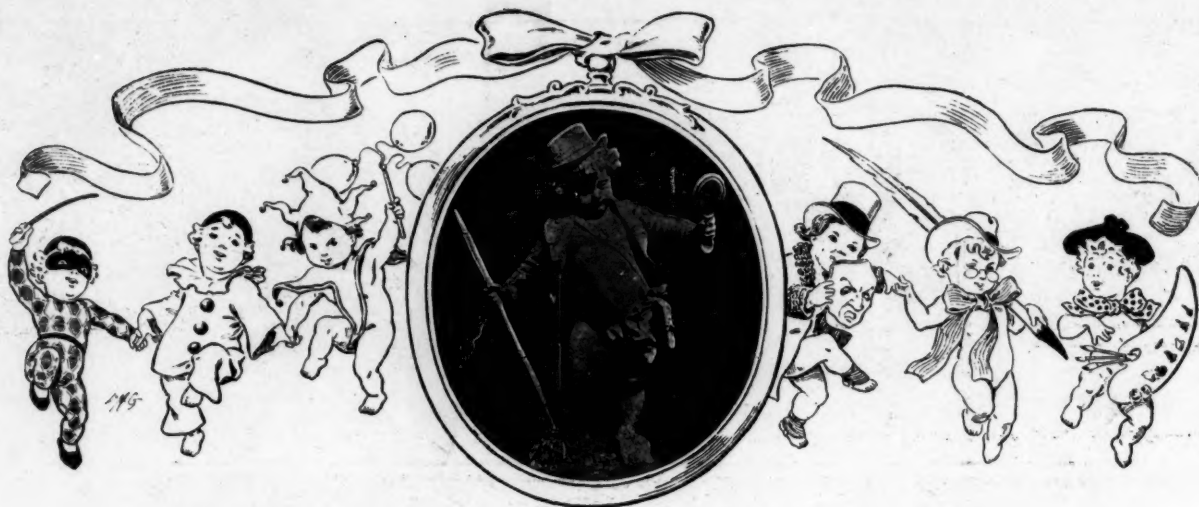
Puck

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TEDDY'S VALENTINE.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE war now in progress between the local street railways and the Public Service Commission is one which other cities than New York will do well to watch, the questions at issue being so simplified that he who runs may read with ease and he who clings to a strap may understand, no matter where he lives. The people of New York gave to the local railways the exclusive right to run cars on their streets. The main condition was that enough cars should be run at all times to accommodate the traffic. In the hands of Wall Street gentlemen of finance, the local roads were milked, juggled and flimflammed into a state of bankruptcy until what rightfully should be a source of tremendous annual profit, namely, the carrying of New York's millions, is now conducted by receivers and, according to them, with continually increasing financial hardship. The Public Service Commission insists on top-notch service in the name of the people. The receivers argue that they cannot comply with the Commission's demands because they would be unfair to the stockholders; that what the commission requires amounts practically to "confiscation." Here, then, is the issue, and it is an issue to be found, more or less developed, in every city where private profit is placed above public convenience in the operation of street railways. The public, by the grant of a franchise, gives the railway the right to exist. To retain that right the railway must give to the public adequate service and accommodation. If the railway has been put in a hole by crooked finance, it is not the public which should pay the penalty, but the stockholders, who took the chance which every man takes when he buys stock. As to "confiscation," neither the public nor its agents have any right to take from the railway the latter's cars, rails, or carbarns, but they have a right, and that right is becoming better recognized every day, to deprive it of its franchise. There is no confiscation about that. That which the people

gave, the people have the right to take away, if the conditions under which the franchise was given are not complied with to the letter. The issue is plain. Vastly more valuable than its cars, its rails, in fact, all its equipment, is the railway's right, granted by franchise, to monopolize certain streets. Without that, its equipment is mere junk. Therefore, because they own the most valuable part of every street railway in the country, the people everywhere should be satisfied with nothing short of the best possible service. This the Public Service Commission has made clear in New York, and other agencies are making it more or less clear elsewhere. When the people once realize that they are not rank outsiders, to be victimized and exploited by turns, but active partners, even senior partners, in the management of every street railway in the United States, they will get accommodations that accommodate. There will be no long arguments by eminent counsel, because after a while argument on subjects which do not admit of it will be deftly discouraged.



"GREAT TOPSY! DID I EMANCIPATE THAT?"

MR. HARRIMAN, it is announced, will put the New York Central lines in good physical condition. Their spiritual well-fare will, doubtless, be looked after by the Rev. Dr. Depew.

A POST-MORTEM on the mummy of the Pharaoh who hardened his heart against the children of Israel, shows that the heart had literally hardened. Half a century ago this would have been generally accepted as positive confirmation of holy writ—not merely "typical senile calcification of the aorta."

"ONE might walk over any part of Africa now without meeting with adventures, unless, indeed, one provoked them."—*London Times*.

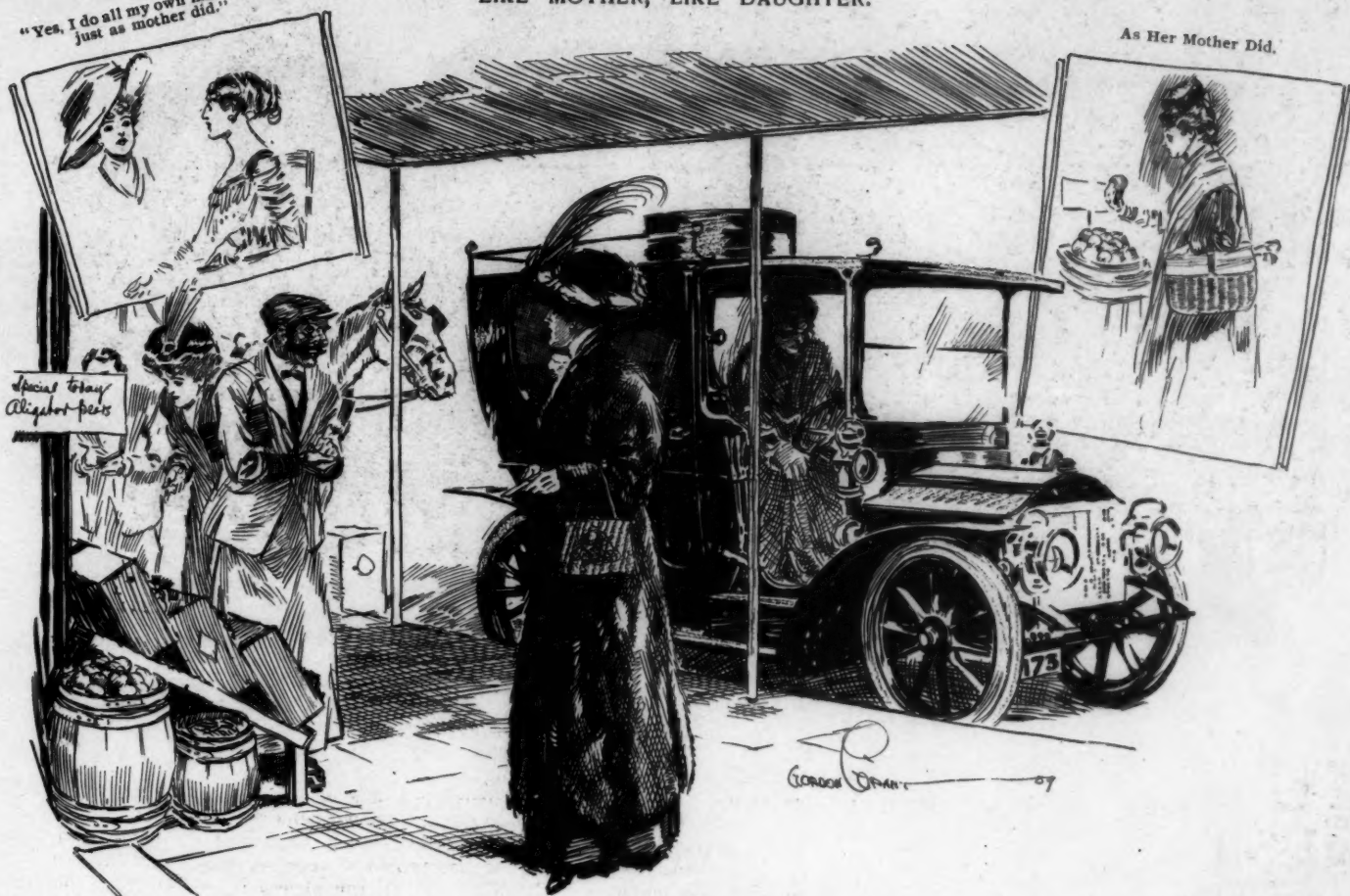
T. R. will provoke them.

A RECENT autopsy, to the surprise of the surgeon disclosed the presence of a button on the heart of the deceased. Deceased was probably a bachelor and had tried to sew the button on his vest.

"Yes, I do all my own marketing;
just as mother did."

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER.

As Her Mother Did.



AS SHE DOES HER MARKETING.

PRACTICAL VALENTINES.



HAVE a very simple plan
To keep the cook and maid who serve us.
Indeed, I think that any man
Might thereby save his system nervous.

I send each year two valentines,
The kind that opens and discloses —
'Mid Cupids, hearts, and rhyming lines —
A cottage set in climbing roses.

I sign each one "Your sweetheart, John,"
The cook gets one, the maid the other.
They stay, as year by year rolls on,
To keep an eye on one another!

Gorton Carruth.

HOW IT WORKS.

WHEN the Tariff is made to sail under bare poles, its operations are simple and interesting.

A necessity which costs fifty cents to make, can be sold for seventy-five cents and produce a good profit. But the tariff, by imposing a duty of fifty per cent, bars out every one else from selling it for less than one dollar. The manufacturer, therefore, combines with others at home who are producing the same thing, and keeps the price up to ninety-five cents, or just enough under the price an outsider can sell it, in order to protect himself.

The manufacturer is therefore making his legitimate profit of twenty-five cents, and an additional profit of twenty cents.

This additional twenty cents represents what the tariff is doing for him.

What does he do with this additional twenty cents, over and above his legitimate profit?

Does he distribute it among his workmen? Nay, nay! He declares occasional dividends with part of it. With another part he contributes to campaign expenses. And with still another he sees that the Senate of the United States keeps the wolf from the door.

When his dividends are declared, the notice is printed in very small type in a corner of the financial page; or it isn't printed at all, and the stockholders alone are notified.

But at intervals, when he passes his dividends, then a great hue and cry is raised. That is due, of course, to a "financial stringency." Or it is due to the "unwise demands of labor." But the real cause of it is that, overconfident of his immense privileges, he has "reorganized" his company, floated new stock, or engaged in other enterprises outside of his own line.

But no matter what happens to him, the tariff goes right on. It not only makes everybody pay more for his goods than they ought to pay, but it renders the possibility of their getting any cheaper rather remote; for why should he use economy in his methods when he is thus "protected?"

Thus the government help extended to him makes him easy in his financial operations. It tends to produce in him the same shiftlessness that comes to a beggar who depends upon charity. With this looseness comes a train of consequences. He is arrogant, untruthful in his reports, and timid to the point of hysterics when any change is proposed. Never having stood on his own bottom, the idea of such a thing throws him into an immediate panic.

T. L. Masson.



THE "TOOT" ENSEMBLE.

Oblivion is a mysterious something or other which is all the time having its just belongings snatched from it by bibliophiles.



SAMSON AS A YOUTH.

PRICELESS TABLET, RECENTLY UNEARTHED, WHICH SHOWS HIM DARING HIS COMPANIONS
TO KNOCK THE CHIP FROM HIS SHOULDER.

SOME THINGS HE HASN'T DONE!

HASN'T reformed the comic Valentine nuisance.
He hasn't brought about a safe and sane Fourth of July.
He hasn't made April Fool's Day an occasion of harmless practical jokes.
He hasn't written any letters to Santa Claus.
He hasn't adjusted the Suffragette situation.
He hasn't provided the last "Rough Rider" with an office.
He hasn't apologized to "Bellamy" or "My dear Maria."
He hasn't altogether tamed Ben Tillman, neither has he in any wise offended friend Jacob Riis.
He hasn't improved the standing of Washington's baseball team.
He hasn't said he does not care to succeed Senator Depew in the Senate.
He hasn't admitted that he ever made a mistake, or can make one.
He hasn't learned to love "Uncle Joe" Cannon with a love that passeth all understanding.
He hasn't acknowledged forgiving any one who ever did him an injury—real or imaginary.
He hasn't demonstrated an unwillingness to call anybody's bluff, dare, or challenge. *James B. Nevin.*

THE WINDING-UP OF THE ANANIAS CLUB.

TIME: March Fourth, 1909, 11:55 A.M. The Honorable Bellamy Storer, presiding.

THE CHAIR.—Before pronouncing the solemn word that shall dissolve this organization, the Chair will name the members appointed to serve upon the Roosevelt African Expedition. The head of that heroic enterprise has proposed very generously that a select committee of this Club (at its own expense) visit Africa, in his company, to write up a description of his shooting, Mr. William E. Curtis, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, has kindly volunteered to do

this work in handsome style, without leaving home. The Honorable John Barrett has sent in a proposal to attend to this business, upon condition that he mention himself twice to the ex-President's once. Inasmuch as neither of these gentlemen has ever been admitted as members in good standing of this Club, their proposals have been declined with thanks.

The Chair has appointed as this committee Messrs. Chandler, Parker and Laffan, with unrestricted powers.

A free pass to Africa will be handed to each member of this committee, upon application to the Honorable William Dudley



PERILS OF THE JUNGLE.

SUPPOSE THAT THEODORE SHOULD BE STRICKEN WITH THE
"SLEEPING SICKNESS."

OF ALL the cheap substitutes for wisdom, learning, by reason of its misleading labels, is perhaps the most dangerous.

The only man who really knows how hard it is to find a woman's pocket
is the one who marries her for her money.

PUCK

Foulke, at the office of the *Indianapolis News*, upon the express condition that the recipient does not return.

SENATOR FORAKER.—Would it be in order, Mr. President, to move a vote of thanks to the Chair?



A FRIEND IN NEED.

DOLAN.—So Casey was running me down an' ye stood up for me?

CALLAHAN.—Oi did; Oi siz to him, 'Casey,' siz Oi, 'ye're honest and truthful and ye're no coward—and ye work hard and pay yer dibts—and ye don't get drunk and lick yer woife—but in other respects ye're no better than Dolan!'

from which the imperious order of this remarkable personage summoned us in days by-gone-by. May each one, as he descends from this conspicuous position down to the level of an ordinary, well-behaved human-being, cherish with grateful memory a sense of how much we owe to that distinguished statesman, now headed for the inviting jungles of a foreign clime (applause)—to him who first dis-

covered and exemplified in his own impeccable conduct the beautiful and soul-inspiring truth, embodied in the impressive words of William Shakespeare (Temple edition)—“Be virtuous and you will be happy.”
Adjourned *sine die*.
F. W. Hackett.

THE CHAIR.—It would be in order, but only a minute and a half remains—and that is hardly time enough for us to expire in. The entire Club will stand up.
These are flickering moments! The hand upon the dial points to the hour when the Ananias must cease to be! Called into existence by the fiat of that omniscient occupant of the White House, who at this moment is stepping from public office into the blaze and turmoil of private life, we are, by his gracious permission, now allowed to subside, being considered no longer necessary for the due administration of the executive branch of the Government of the United States.

One and all, we gracefully fall back into that normal state of innocence and of truth-telling

covered and exemplified in his own impeccable conduct the beautiful and soul-inspiring truth, embodied in the impressive words of William Shakespeare (Temple edition)—“Be virtuous and you will be happy.”
Adjourned *sine die*.
F. W. Hackett.

THE FLAG.

THREE men proposed using the nation's flag as a means of boosting their business, whereupon Enlightened Sentiment, feeling itself nearly touched, insisted on knowing what was the stock in trade of each.
“Cheap politics!” answered the first man.
“Fine!” exclaimed Enlightened Sentiment, approvingly. “And yours?”

“Cheap melodrama!” answered the second man.
“That's fine, too!” declared Enlightened Sentiment. “And what, sir, is your stock in trade?” this to the third man.
“A good, honest, nourishing article of ham!” answered he, and at that Enlightened Sentiment was terribly shocked, and waxed wroth, and warned the man not to attempt any such thing, on pain of condign punishment.
Ramsey Benson.

A KIND HEART.

“COULD you give me,” inquired the poor woman, “a cast-off dress of your little girl's for my little girl, or a pair of your little boy's shoes for my little boy?”

“I have no little girl,” replied the rich woman kindly, “nor any little boy. But I can give you an old sheath skirt and some puffs.”

THE WEATHER.

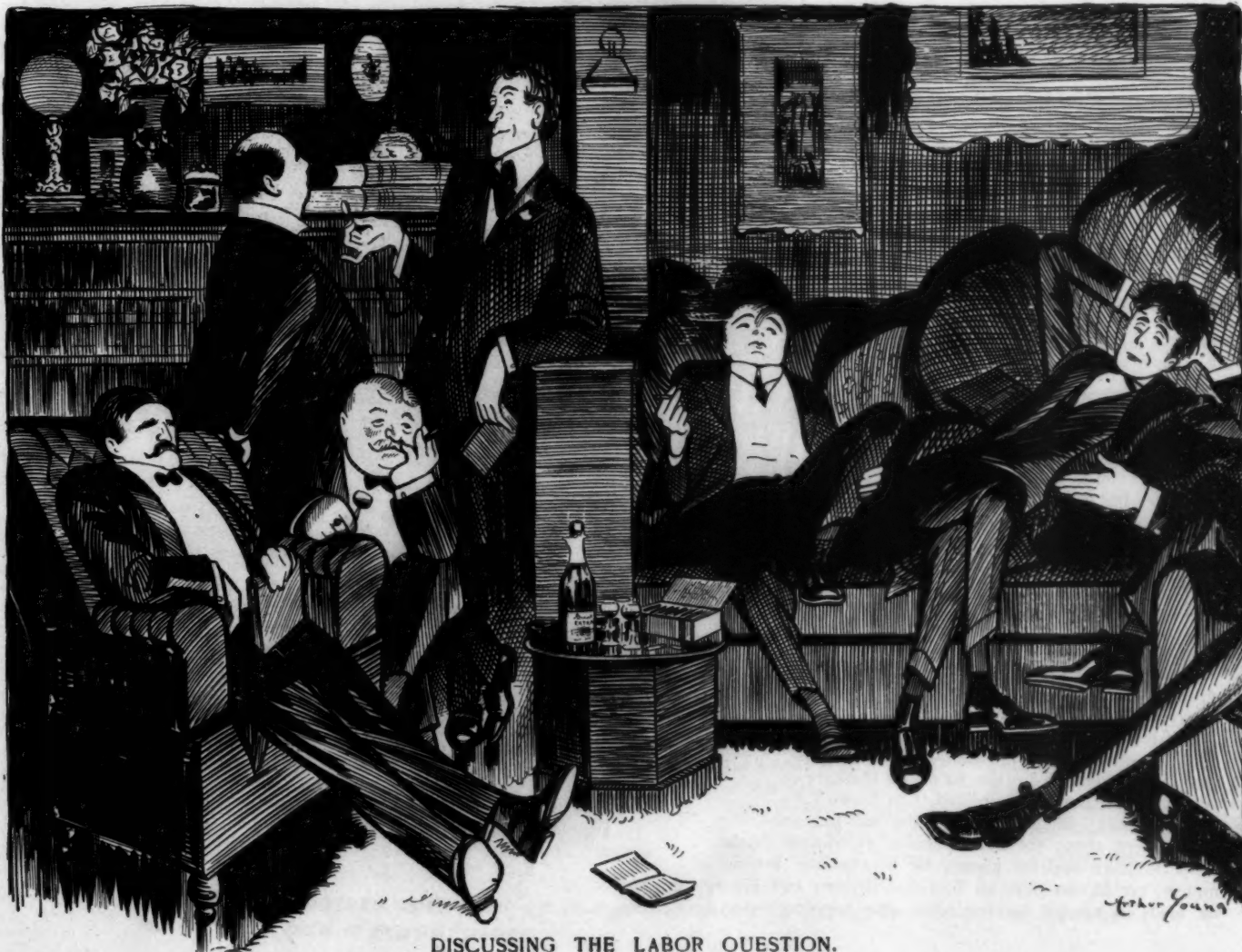
Rain and snow to-day, warmer; fair, colder to-morrow.

CENT In Greater N. Jersey City,

— N. Y. Times.

NEW YORK WEATHER.

RAIN—SNOW—WARM—FAIR—COLD.



DISCUSSING THE LABOR QUESTION.

"VACUUMED."
A WARNING TO GRIMY BOYS.



Little Clarence, who will not wash his face and hands, sees a strange wagon.



The strange wagon that little Clarence saw.



What happened presently to little Clarence.



The awful result.

conversions at the Methodist protracted meeting and the winner of the jar-full-of-pumpkin-seeds contest at the Bee Hive Store. Then the cap O's are all gone and there won't be enough s's and t's to go round, because every other line of 'Cut

Down Like an Ironweed' ends with 'At rest.' Nix, the resolutions will have to wait till the next issue of the greatest advertising medium in Buncombe County."

A LIVE ISSUE.

MRS. ROOSTLOW (*reading fashionable intelligence*).—De queshn ob feathehs is still ondecided foh 1909. Now, ain' dat ridick'lus?

MR. ROOSTLOW.—No, chile. Ah nevah has been able to mek up mah min' whethieh hits bes' to buh'y 'em er buhn 'em.



THE BOOBY PRIZE.

HERE'S the fool who boasts of the-girls he's won,
And a fool with a "system" for race-horse play;
There's the fool who tells you that work is fun,
And the "connoisseur" fool, who feeds you hay;
There's the fool with the pseudo—artistic bent,
But the sorriest soul of the silly lot
Is the fool who wishes he had a cent
For every million that Morgan's got.

There's the fool who says, "You know what I mean;"
There's the newly wed bride and her "angel-dove;"
There's the Broadway ape in his hat of green;
There are "matinee idols" and men in love;
There's the "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" lad;
But the fool who has got 'em all beaten dumb
Is the fellow who sighs, "If I only had
A dime for each dollar I've spent on rum!"

There's the fool of the Spring, who writes in rhyme;
There's the April fool with his aged wit;
There's the fool of the bad old Summertime,
Who says: "It's a warm day, isn't it?"
There's the Autumn fool, who can kill a dear
Friend at a hundred yards or three;
But the prize fool says, "If I had a beer
For each bad debt that my friends owe me!"

There's the "Get-a-horse" fool, who is always
nigh,
Though your car goes smash on the loneliest
road;

There's the "one-more" fool, who is always dry
When you know that *your* cargo is fully stowed;
There are New York Senators (one or two);
There are rich boy-socialists, flaying sin.
Why, I'd be rich, if I had a sou
For every fool that I've met—or been.

Chester Firkins.

TOO LATE FOR THIS ISSUE.

"HERE," cried the old subscriber, rushing into the *Cobville Clarion* office on press day, "these are the resolutions of the Squashtown Magisterial District Literary Society on the death of the Emperor of Tibet. We want it to go in this week's paper, sure."

Editor Grimes shook his bald head. "Can't do it," he announced. "Just six hours till press time, and Jennie's got to set the 62-stanza obituary of one of the Hogan twins, entitled 'Cut Down Like an Ironweed'; Bill's got to set the half-page announcement about the new German eye-doctor that's come to town and fits glasses for benevolence instead of money, no fit, no pay, all fees in advance; and Henry's got to be held in reserve for late news like important dog-fights, the



THE MASTER OF FASHIONS.

A MODERN PROPOSAL.

AS THE primeval oyster, which, according to science, was two feet long, has shrunk to its present well-nigh microscopic dimensions, in like manner the stately, long-drawn, courtship of the leisurely past—wherein the lover, having at his command all the time there was in the world and all the words in the vocabulary as it then existed, felt that he had not done a proper job unless he used up both—dwindled down to the rapid-fire, clickity-pop method of the swift and busy present.

To-day, young Percival Yannaway, enamored of pretty Maybelle Sweet, but handicapped by an embarrassing impediment in his speech, rises from his knees, throws his hands aloft in despair, rushes from her presence and off in the general direction of a suicide's grave that is not in use at this moment, then, struck by a luminous idea, pulls down his hands, passes into a shop which happens to be handy, purchases a modishly-garbed lay-figure, or dummy, tucks it under his arm and hurries to his apartment to practice love-making with the assistance of the dummy. Said apartment is but across the air-shaft from that of Maybelle.

She looks from her window, and, upon beholding Percival industriously proposing to an unknown woman, expresses her stern disapprobation by means of appropriate gestures, and hurries out.

Percival, with naught to distract, swiftly progresses to the point of being accepted by the beautiful lay-figure, whereat he embraces her energetically, but immediately inaugurates a spirited lovers' quarrel, boxes her ears, dances a highland fling of glee at his success, cocks his hat niftily on the south side of his head, and hastens out.



JUST HIS GUESS.

MR. SICKHAM. — No siree, money wouldn't buy that dog. He's a cross between a Saint Bernard and—

MR. PEEVEY (who is not enthusiastic). —And a Saint Vitus?

the picture of inviting docility when Percival enters.

Will he discover the imposition? Oh, no!—not yet. Love, we are pleased to note, is still blind. Percival promptly resumes where he but a short while ago left off, and we shudder in anticipatory sympathy for the embarrassment which we are convinced is bound to speedily be his. No laggard in love is young Percival. In seven-eighths of a minute from the time of his return he has flapped his arms around Maybelle's yielding form and implanted an impassioned kiss on her tempting lips. This, of course, is followed by lucid explanations upon the part of both, resulting almost instantly in complete reconciliation. Maybelle then hauls the unresisting lay-figure from the closet and declares that never again shall Percival



confront the necessity of practicing on a dummy. So determined is Percival to make his ratification of the proposition emphatic that he hurls the innocent dummy out of the fourth-story window, and resumes the delightful task of misplacing the acquiescent ribs of Maybelle.

We will now, if you please, hasten down to the street, where we arrive in time to have the privilege of observing the dummy fall on the head of passing Bishop, felling him to the pavement, much, we note, to his chagrin, and sadly shocking a large policeman and a neat assortment of spectators. We now all proceed up the stairs, the policeman with the dummy under his left arm and his trenchant mace clenched in his right hand, closely followed by the maltreated Bishop and the others.

Undoubtedly, we tell ourselves, both our hero and his loved one will now suffer the ignominy of arrest, for it can be seen that the Bishop is very angry, and not without excuse, and even the gallant officer has cause for impatience. But, no!—the moment they enter the room where Percival and Maybelle are locked in each other's embraces the former with rare presence of mind springs forward, wrings the hand of the surprised but ready-witted Bishop, who forthwith unctuously unites the handsome young couple in the holy bonds of wedlock, with the approval of the policeman and the attendant spectators.

Thus this short but spirited drama of modern love-making comes to a happy ending, and the operator of the moving picture camera declares his firm belief that it will be one of the most popular films of the season, inasmuch as it is full of clever comedy, pure heart-sentiment, and will not soil the most delicate sensibility. Especially recommended for children.

No. 6239. Code, Vixkack. Approximate length, 900 ft. and several inches.

The Jigglegaposcope Co., N. Y. City.

Tom P. Morgan.



THE RED MILL.

The man who is ashamed of his grandfather's business, has no business to have had a grandfather.



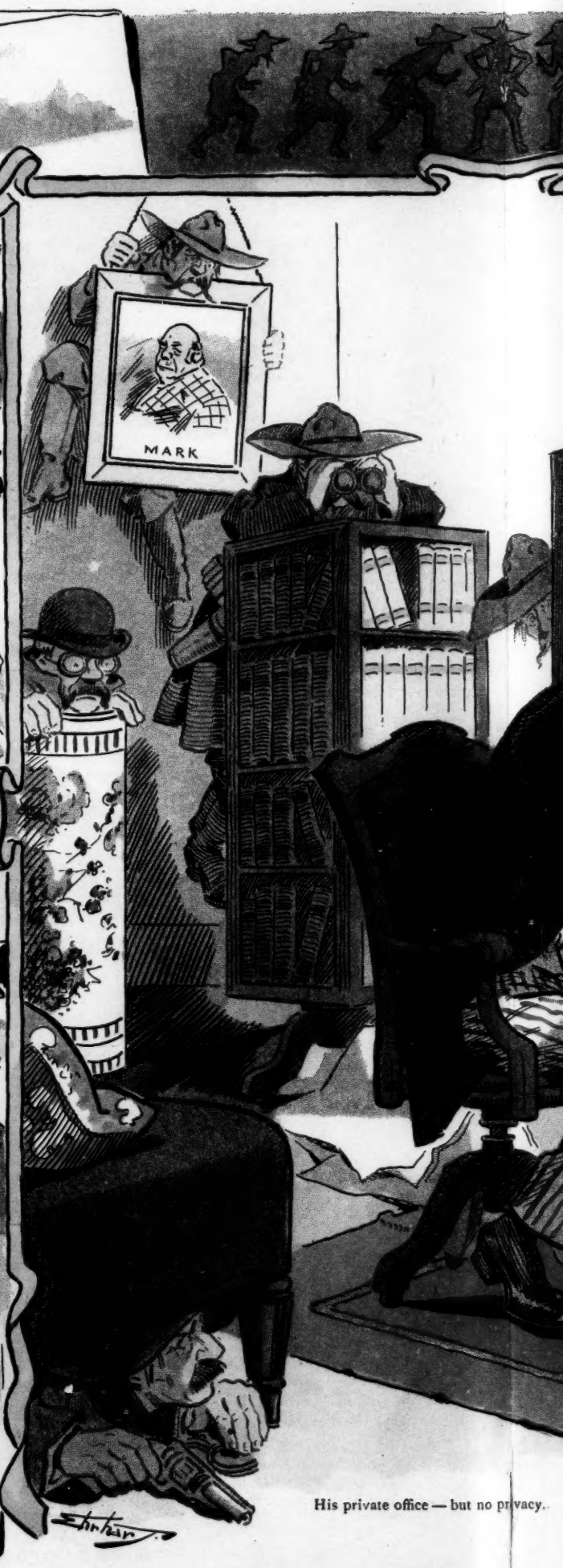
On Pennsylvania Avenue - His constituents give him a sudden shock.



Breakfast. The waiter, to his heated fancy, looks like a secret service man.



At dinner. He is convinced that the lady he is taking down is a female sleuth.



His private office — but no privacy.



office — but no privacy.

A NERVOUS CONGRESSMAN.



The Prune Eaters.

"I TOOK one of your proteges to the grand opera last evening," remarked the retired hardware merchant.

"I know you did, Mr. Hanks," said the young lady who did Settlement work, "but I must point out that that sort of thing is not calculated to secure results."

"It secured one result, anyhow," responded Mr. Hanks. "It made the old dame happy for one night."

"But——"

"Lemme explain how it was. Hearing you tell about this old lady who had seen better days, I thought I'd drop around to inquire if there was anything I could do. After some questioning, she ad-

mitted that she had a hankering to hear a grand opera once more, so we went. We didn't go on the street cars, either. We went in a carriage, and we had orchestra seats, and a little something to eat after the play. And I am free to state that a very enjoyable evening was spent."

"But, Mr. Hanks——"

"I know. The cost of that entertainment would have bought one hundred and fifty yards of canton flannel, or two barrels of wormwood tea. Yet it all went for an evening at the opera, and I want to say that I don't regret the outlay a mite."

And the retired hardware merchant left the dining-room amid subdued applause.

Will S. Adkins.

A RAMBLE WITH TED.

I TOOK a little walk with Teddy;
I won't forget it soon, already!
We'll walk together nevermore;
We loped along through weeds and sedges,
We didn't pause for barns or hedges,
The smaller trees we vaulted o'er.
And now I'm busy rubbing salve in,
To get relief from sprain and spavin —
I took a walk with Theodore.

We took long strides from hills to ridges,
And never touched the shorter bridges,
And that is why my legs are sore;
Swift motor cars we left behind us,
The birds pursued, but couldn't find us,
We traveled like a tidal bore.
The vets in town are all bespoken.
I'm foundered and my wind is broken —
I took a walk with Theodore.

The country people heard us humming
Along, and cried: "A cyclone's coming!"
And hid themselves beneath the floor;
Excited farmers thought they'd shot us;
Their rusty buckshot never caught us,
But fell behind a mile or more;
And so I soak my sprains and bruises;
I'm done with presidential cruises —
I took a walk with Theodore.

Walt Mason.

PARABLE OF THE SOWERS.

THERE were three sowers who went out to sow their wild oats.

The wild oats of one fell on stony places, and he kept right on superintending the Sabbath School.

Another's fell where the soil was thin, so that when they sprang up most people took them for something else, and he was called rather a decent chap.

But the wild oats of the third sower fell in rank soil, and they bore some ten, some twenty, and some a hundred fold, and he was reprobate forever after.

R. B.

DOMESTICATED.

WHEN Adam woke from his deep sleep and beheld Eve for the first time, he was terribly frightened and sprang up and fled into the depths of the forest.

But the first woman was by no means the least resourceful of her sex.

"I'll just get to work and cook something!" she remarked, to herself, and suiting the action to the word it wasn't any time at all until she had Adam eating out of her hand.

And it proved a peculiarity of man, as distinguished from some other animals, that once domesticated he never had the courage to lapse back into his former wild state.

WHILE HE CELEBRATED.

WILLIE VET.—What's an army endurance test, ma?

MOTHER VET.—Living with your pa the first few days after he gets his pension money.



SIX MONTHS NIGHT.

MR. OWL.—We'll go to Norway for our honeymoon, sweetheart.

HIS BRIDE.—Thoughtful darling!—the land of the midnight-sun!

SHE REMOVED HER CUSTOM.



IT WAS in one of the branch offices of the Pennsylvania R. R. As the man ahead of her threw down his money, grabbed his ticket, and disappeared, she fluttered up to the counter.

"I want to get my trunk checked, please."

"Let me see your ticket, miss."

"Oh, Clare, we forgot to get my ticket," turning to the girl with her.

"So we did. Now we will have to go all the way back."

"You can get your ticket here, miss."

"Oh, Clare, I can get my ticket here. Isn't it lovely?"

"Just happened to have a few odd lots on hand," grinned some brute behind her. Its bargain day you know. All tickets reduced to \$4.98!"

"What does that rude creature mean, Clare?"

"I don't know dear. Don't pay any attention to him."

"Where to, miss?" inquired the ticket agent at this point.

"New York."

"Round trip?"

"Oh, I, wait a moment. Clare, I never thought about that. Would you get a round trip? You know the Howards may only be in New York a week, and I may go on with them to Pittsburg. They have been begging me to for weeks, but if Mabel's wedding should come off by the 20th, I'll want to go to that. I shouldn't be a bit surprised though if she postponed it again, but—"

"Round trip, miss?" asked the ticket agent again, while the waiting line of men and women stood on the other foot.

"Oh, Clare, what would you do? I am wild to go to Pittsburg with the Howards—"

"And we are wild to have you go," suddenly yelled a man at the extreme end of the line, whose train left in twenty minutes.

"Yes, I am just crazy about you," simpered another brute mincingly whose chances for making his train were momentarily growing less.



BEFORE LONG.

(Phonograph gives evidence. Machine-made testimony admitted by Pittsburg Magistrate.—Newspaper Headline.)

COURT OFFICER (in the near future).—Do you solemnly swear that evidence which you give in this case will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth? So help you Edison.



THE PEDDLER.

"Try Pittsburg," yelled another voice. "You have to change everything there every hour or so, and you can include your mind without any extra inconvenience."

"Oh no," shrieked another frantic individual, "go to Mabel's wedding. I am dying to have you go. What, Mabel?"

"Clare, did you ever see such dreadful people. I shall report you at the main office," and she glared at the ticket agent.

"Yes, miss," returned that individual in an expressionless voice.

"Round trip?"

"No, single," haughtily.

"What time? The next call is between eleven and twelve."

"Oh my trunk isn't packed yet. I could never get it ready in that time."

"Next call between three and four."

"Very well, have the man call for my trunk at three, then I can take the two o'clock train."

"You won't have your check, miss?"

"Why not? I can get the check when the man comes for my trunk."

"But you won't be there if you go on the two o'clock train and he doesn't come until three."

"OH." A long pause.

"Clare, I won't be there. What shall I do? Do you think I could get my trunk ready by twelve? You know they never come when they say they will."

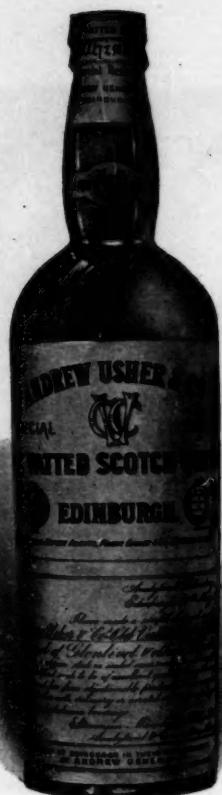
"I think you could, dear. I'll pack one tray for you and we'll phone for Helen to come and help us, and—"

"Say, look here," shouted an excited person in the rear, whose hair was standing wildly on end and whose eyes appeared to be endeavoring to sever their connecting links with his face, "I've got just twenty minutes to make my train in and it is a matter of forty thousand dollars to me if I lose it. Now if 'Clara' and her friend will retire for a few moments and decide these momentous questions, the rest of us can get our tickets before she has time to change her mind again."

"Clare, I'll not stay here another moment and be insulted. I shall not get my ticket at this office, and I shall certainly report you, sir, at headquarters. I will never go on the Penna. road again and I shall tell all my friends how I have been treated, and see that they take their custom elsewhere," and then she and Clare swept haughtily from the office, while the crowd cheered.

As the two disappeared, the ticket agent winked at the crowd, and then began throwing out tickets and making change, as each man yelled his destination, tossed him his money, and snatching his ticket sprinted out of the door with his coat-tails standing out straight, and his suit case cutting long streaks out of the atmosphere. Barbara Blair.

According to the reconstructors, what is needed in the social tool kit is not so many rulers and more dividers.



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WHISTLER AND FREE ART.

JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER, a collection of whose works Mr. Charles L. Freer has recently presented to our National Gallery, was one of the greatest artists and certainly the most original artistic genius whom America has produced, and yet he lived in this country for only fifteen years of his life, and those were the years of his youth.

He was once asked when he was coming back to America, and his reply was, "When the duty on art is removed."

A few years ago, when his paintings and etchings were being collected by the Copley Society for an exhibition, he was appealed to for assistance, but refused, saying: "God bless me! why should you hold an exhibition of pictures in America? The people do not care for art."

"How do you know? You have not been there for many years."

"How do I know? Why, haven't you a law to keep out pictures and statues? Is it not in black and white that the works of the great masters must not enter America, that they are not wanted? A people that tolerates such a law has no love for art, their protestation is mere pretence."

That a great nation should deliberately discourage the importation of beautiful things was to him a mystery, as it is to nearly every one else. What difference does it make whether objects of beauty come out of the East or out of the West, so long as they add to the happiness and refinement of the people?

It is most remarkable that practically the only nation which discourages the importation of the beautiful happens to be the youngest and the richest of all, and the one most in need of what it wilfully excludes. Happily, this mark of barbarism is soon to be erased by a Congress which is disposed to give the fine arts their proper place in the nation.

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is always a better cocktail than any made-by-guesswork drink can ever be. CLUB COCKTAILS are mixed-to-measure, delicious, fragrant, appetizing and always ready to serve.

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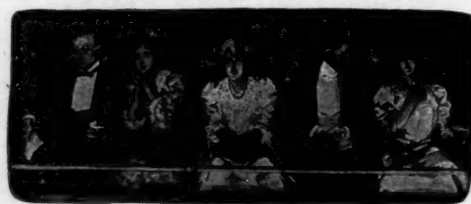
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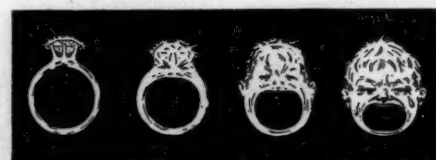
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AND
YELLOW



GREEN
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Sole Agents for United States.

THE LADY.—Why do you men tramp about the country?

THE HOBO.—Gee! A guy can't lay down an' sleep all de time, can he?—*Cleveland Leader.*

IRENE.—A girl shouldn't marry a man till she knows all about him.

EVELYN.—Good gracious! If she knew all about him she wouldn't marry him.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"WHEN you get to Washington, son, don't you be afraid to work for the public service."

"No, dad. It's the Secret Service I'm afraid of."—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

"THE spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—*The Bohemian.*

MANAGER.—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play?

AUTHOR.—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a White Wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—*Baltimore American.*

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ly all good peo-
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A DEAL IN IVORY.

THE ELEPHANT (who is getting cold feet).—When I get out of chips, I'm going to quit.

THE MONKEY.—Oh, nonsense! Break off one of your tusks; I'll give you a stack of blues for it.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

TRAMP.—Lady, I'm near perishing from exposure!
LADY.—Are you a congressman or a senator?—*Town Topics.*

PROFESSOR (to his aged cook).—You have now been twenty-five years in my service Regina. As a reward for your faithfulness I have decided to name the bug I recently discovered after you.—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

"WAS your father college bred?"
"Yes, but we never mention it. The college he went to had a rotten foot-ball team."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"YOU'RE lookin' fine, Weary? Aint you cold?"
"Nope. I slep' in a garage las' night an' drank a gallon of anti-freeze mixture."—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

AUGUSTUS.—Hallo, old man, how are you, and how are your people, and all that sort of silly rot?—*London Globe.*

VAUDEVILLE DANCER.—When do you go on?

VAUDEVILLE SINGER.—Right after the trained cats.

VAUDEVILLE DANCER.—Goodness me! Why don't the manager try to vary the monotony of his acts?—*Cleveland Leader.*

MEDICAL STUDENT.—What did you operate on that man for?

EMINENT SURGEON.—Two hundred dollars.

MEDICAL STUDENT.—I mean, what did he have?

EMINENT SURGEON.—Two hundred dollars.—*The Christian Register.*

"YOU must do your best," said Mrs. Psmith to the new cook. "My husband is very particular about the way his food is prepared."

"Vessum," said the new cook, sympathetically; "ain't these men all alike? Now you take my husband; I never was able to cook anything to please him in all my life!"—*Cleveland Leader.*



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Just wet the brush—squeeze out Berset the size of a bean, and lather up.

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softens the beard so perfectly that the razor (properly stropped) never scrapes or pulls—it permits a cleaner shave than ordinary lathers because it lies closer to the skin.

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WINK.—You are always getting stung. What now?

BINK.—Answered an ad. that said for a dollar they would tell me how to save plumbers' bills.

WINK.—And the answer?

BLINK.—Just two words: "File them."—*Chicago Daily News.*



CRIMINAL NEGLIGENCE.

"Did you ever make a serious mistake in a prescription?"

"Never but once," answered the drug clerk, as a gloomy look passed over his face. "I charged a man thirty cents for a prescription instead of thirty-five."—*Washington Star.*

UP TO HIM.

"Do you think you can manage with my salary of \$12 a week, darling?" he asked, after she had said yes.

"I'll try, Jack," replied she. "But what will you do?"—*Univers. Leader.*

FULLY EXPLAINED.

OLD LADY (rather deaf).—Are you any relation to a Mr. Green?

GREEN.—I am Mr. Green.

OLD LADY.—Ah! Then that explains the extraordinary resemblance.—*Pittsburgh Observer.*

THE REASON.

HE.—I can not express to you my gratitude for your kindness in giving me the first dance last evening.

SHE.—Well, you see, it was a charity ball.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

COOK'S
Imperial
EXTRA DRY

"Waiter, be sure and bring me Cook's Imperial; I have known that champagne for years and can depend on its uniformity of quality—it equals the best vintages of the Old World."
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Cleanliness is a necessity that knows a law—Pears' Soap.

Pears' is both a law and a necessity for toilet and bath.

Sold everywhere.

THE ONLY WAY.

"They say you're making plenty of money in the stock market."

"Yes; I never lose anything."

"Ah! You get straight tips, eh?"

"No; I sell 'em."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

AFTER CHURCH.

"What was that sentence the choir repeated so often during the litany?"

"As near as I could make out it was 'We are all miserable singers.'"—*Boston Courier.*

ALL OF ONE KIND.

"Have your poems been read by many people?"

"Certainly—about twenty publishers that I know of."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A COMPROMISE.

CORPULENT SUITOR (on his knees).—If you will not accept my offer, at least help me up.—*Megendorfer Blätter.*

BARGAIN NOTICE.

"Our feather beds are marked down."—*Cornell Widow.*

WIFE.—What would you men have if God had not made us?

HUSBAND (quietly).—One more rib.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Pure



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RED
TOP
RYE

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—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

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Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N., P. & S. Bulletin.*

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Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters in half grape fruit,
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Try it to-morrow.



SO SWEET OF HIM.
 "Hello, old man!" exclaimed Dub-
 ley at the Literary Circle reception;
 "it's a pleasant surprise to meet you
 here."
 "Good of you to say so, old chap,"
 replied Brown.
 "Yes, you see, I was afraid I wouldn't
 find anybody but bright and cultured
 people here."— *Catholic Standard and
 Times.*

Evans' Ale

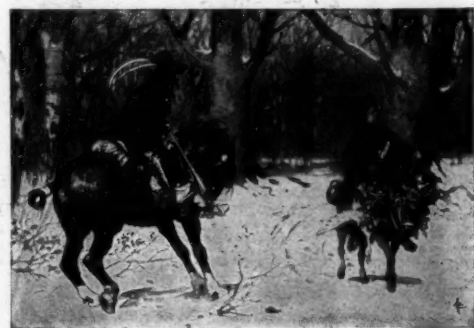
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"Have you a fireless cooker at your house?"

"Um-m-m, well, something like that; we're all afraid to
 discharge her."

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
 "Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

THE LION AND THE LAMB.

THERE was a little freshman,
 As fresh as fresh could be;
 The naughty fellows teased him
 And called him Willie Wee.

Now Sarah Jay was pretty,
 And Charles had lots of brass;
 But Willie tackled mother
 And stopped a forward pass.

Then there was Charlie Hawkins,
 A stalwart sophomore,
 Who led in class athletics
 And roomed on Willie's floor.

Charles made a spurt in rowing,
 But put too far from shore;
 Wee Willie pulled with mother,
 And pulled a steady oar.

But Charles was condescending.
 He called on Willie Wee,
 And had him in his study
 To drink a cup of tea, —

In baseball 'twas no better,
 Charles must have gone too deep;
 For when he glanced at Sarah,
 He found she'd been asleep.

Which so delighted Willie,
 That, in a friendly way,
 He took the stalwart Hawkins
 To call on Sarah Jay.

On Charlie's second visit,
 Our Willie Wee was there,
 And Charlie played at checkers
 With little sister Claire.

— *Harvard Lampoon.*

HE KNEW.

A member of the Nebraska Legislature was making a speech on some
 momentous question and, in concluding, said:

"In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me
 liberty or give me death'!"

One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered:

"Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary, it was Noah."

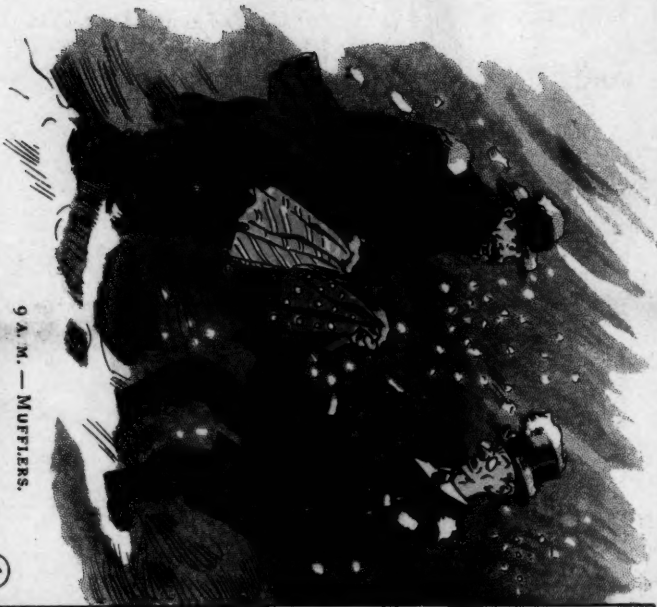
"Noah nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah built the ark."— *Buffalo
 News.*

"WHAT is the difference between valor and discretion?"

"Well, to go through Europe without tipping would be valor."

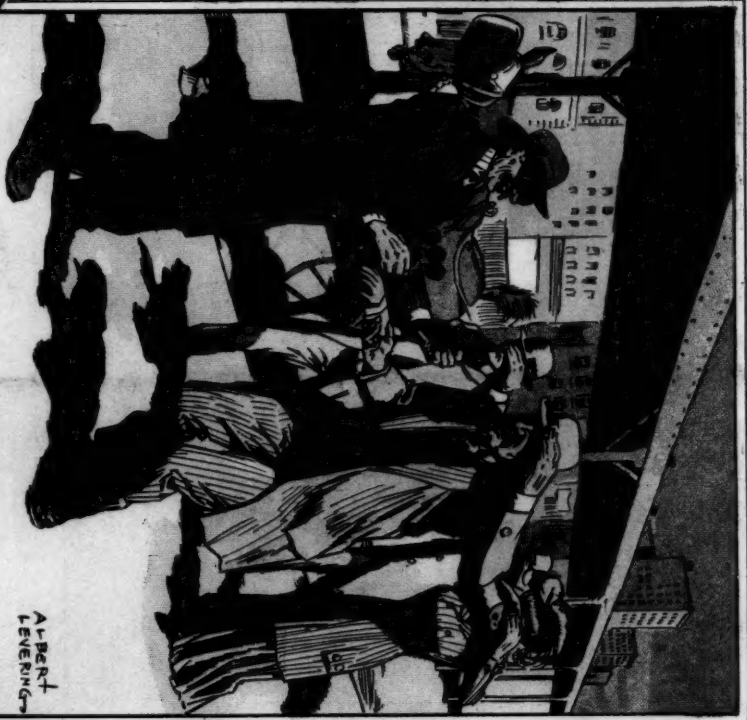
"I see."

"And to come back by a different route would be discretion."— *Louis-
 ville Courier-Journal.*



9 A. M. — MUFLERS.

1



11 A. M. — SMOKE GLASSES.

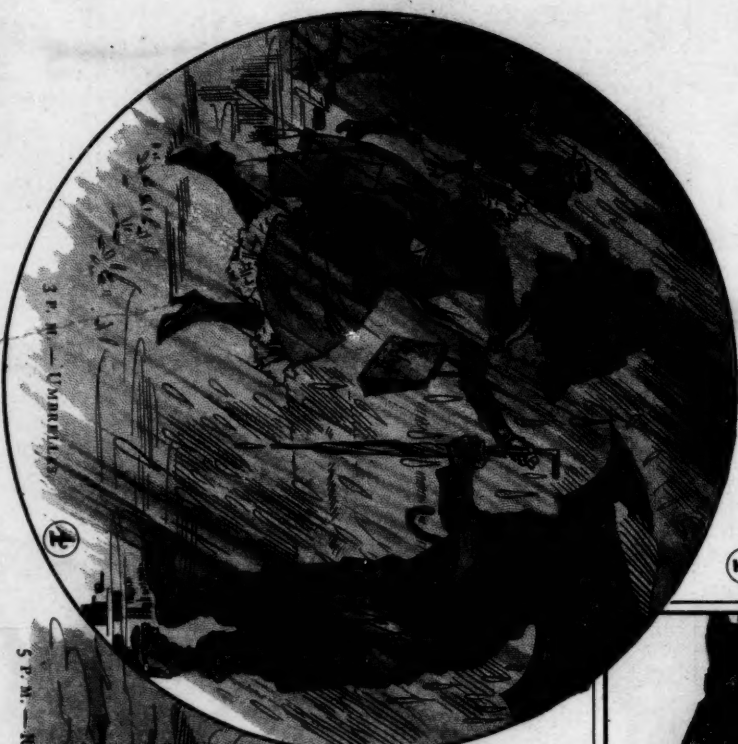
ALBERT
LEVENING

2



1 P. M. — FANS.

3



3 P. M. — UMBRELLAS.

4



5 P. M. — ROBBERIES.

5



6 P. M. — EAGLE MUVERS.

6

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HE THINKS NEW YORK HAS THE FINEST WINTER WEATHER IN THE WORLD.